

Catch That Pickle

by Waterbender of the South

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Summary: A crazy pickle, a lot of jello, Shelby awesomeness, and lots of random! Totally Plotless, but full of funiness!

1. Chapter 1: Pranks and Pickles

Experimental Story

H.I.V.E.

Catch That Pickle! Ch 1

****A/N-this story is a random little spur-of-the-moment thing. It really doesn't have much of a plot, but will have multiple chapters anyway. Enjoy the hysterical funniness.****

****I do not own H.I.V.E.****

Otto watched, bored as once again Shelby demonstrated the exercise perfectly. Really it wasn't that boring, he just was sick of the fact that she was always the perfect Stealth and Evasion role model. Why not someone else for a change?

His prayers were answered as a random stranger dressed in-was that a _pickle suit?-_came flying in on a grappler and knocked Shelby right off the balance beam. Otto looked up, trying to see where the grappler connected and gawped. Near to the high, vaulted ceiling there was a UFO, all colorful lights and glowing, looking like it came straight out of _Casper Meets Wendy_. He frowned for a minute before remembering how had made the orphanage kids watch that around when he was six.

Shelby went splashing into the water and the pickle let out a very darth-vader-ish laugh as it was sucked back up into the UFO. _So_ Otto thought wryly, _this pickle is male._ He briefly wondered what a female darth-vader would sound like and why it even mattered, before shrugging off the thought at Franz's shout of "Catch that

pickle!"

The UFO disappeared with a whoosh.

The whole room turned to chaos as everyone ran in different directions to get their own equipment to catch the pickle. By the time Shelby emerged from the water coughing, the room was empty aside from Otto, Wing, Laura and , who promptly stalked off to dive herself a wash. Cat style of course.

Wing, with great concern inquired, "Shelby, are you alright?"

"I'm fine," she gasped. She grasped Wing's offered hand and returned to her feet. Wringing out her hair, she asked, "What hit me?"

"A flying pickle," Laura answered, before realizing the craziness of her statement. She laughed. "It swung down at you on a grappler connected to a UFO and slammed into you, laughing like darth-vader.

Otto snickered softly, until he saw Laura's look and said hurriedly, "As utterly _insane and absolutely crazy_ it sounds," another look from Laura, "It is not crazy at all and is the absolute truth of what happened." He finished quickly.

Shelby giggled, "Scared of your girlfriend Malpense?"

Otto turned beet red and protested, "I am not scared, I just have a healthy respect."

Shelby turned to Laura and winked. "Nice job Brand. He's terrified."

Even Wing laughed. "Otto your manliness is at stake here. Admit it. You are petrified"

Wing was answered with a glare from Otto, a foamy pink spray from the fire extinguishers, and a hearty laugh from everyone. Otto smirked, "Really? _My _manliness? Think again pinky."

Wing wiped the foam from his eyes. "Thanks a lot Otto. How did you even get it to be pink? You can't plan something like this in advance"

Otto's smirk became a full on grin. "You'd be surprised."

The expressions of shock on the group's faces were comical as the realization dawned on them. "You mean," Laura practically whispered, "You mean you and H.I.V. turned all the fire extinguisher foam _pink?_"

Otto's face said everything.

Laura smiled mischievously. "What else did you do?"

Otto looked hurt. "What makes you think I did anything else?"

Shelby sighed with exaggerated patience. "Don't even try it computer geek. If you even try to lie, I'll find out when your little trick activates and tell Francisco who rigged his grappler to moo when he

tries to use it."

Otto paled. That little stunt had left Colonel Francisco in such a mood that his face had turned blue from screaming, he'd passed out from lack of oxygen, and he woke up in the hospital raving about how the offender would have three weeks of detention with him doing extra advanced workouts for five hours each session. Needless to say, Otto did ****not ****want that.

"_You wouldn't!_"

"Yes she would," Wing chimed in helpfully (not).

Reluctantly Otto gave in. "Remember the foam guns on that one exercise?"

"Yeah."

"I rigged it to squirt Jell-O. With H.I.V.'s help of course."

Laura laughed. "I'll be sure to trigger it next time."

Wing asked thoughtfully "What flavor?"

"Strawberry."

Wing brightened. "Yay!"

Shelby asked eagerly, "What else?"

Otto thought for a moment, "I turned all the school's toilet water blue, filled the stun cannons with glitter and unicorn stickers, spray painted one of the shrouds rainbow, and exchanged Nero's jackets with my own design line. Some designs include pockets embroidered with 'I heart Raven', Purple and yellow stripes, 'star wars rules' on the back, and, my personal favorite, a combination of them all complete with a picture showing a blue katana with a light saber hilt."

"Whoa," Wing said quietly.

"Whoa," the girls agreed.

Otto looked indignant. "I go and do all that amazing stuff, and all you can say is 'whoa'?"

Laura, Shelby and Wing looked at a loss for words. Otto felt the need to fill the silence and started putting words in their mouths.

"Oh. You're speechless with amazement? I'm flattered. You want to go chase the pickle? You need dry clothes Shelby? OK." He turned and ran out, his friends following him in peals of laughter.

****A/N-** I know that it's short, but there is more on the way. Bonus points if you can guess my favorite flavor Jell-O! And no, it is not strawberry.******

Catch that pickle Ch 2

****A/N- Here it is! A continuation of the randomness. This chapter promises you-****

**** Kilts****

**** Jedi impressions****

**** Krazy Karaoke****

**** A very out-of-character Wing.****

**** Constellation confusion****

**** Tongue ties****

**** Jell-O overload****

**** Overall Shelby awesomeness****

**** And the return of the pickle!****

"No."

"Otto!"

"I am not wearing that thing Shelby!"

"You have to. Wing is!"

"Did he willingly agree?"

"Ummâ€¦.."

"I'll take that as a no. So, no."

Shelby shoved the kilt-or as Otto called it, the man's greatest shame-in his face again. "Come on. If we're going to do this report, you need to look the part."

"I agreed to do research on the villain who did Irish Folk dancing, not actually dance, much less wear a kilt!"

Shelby pursed her lips. "Laura, get in here. Otto doesn't want to wear his kilt."

Laura emerged from the bathroom in a kilt identical to the one Shelby was wearing and the one they wanted Otto to wear. "Otto, why won't you wear the kilt?" Otto failed to recognize the danger in her voice.

"It looks stupid and is completely awful! It's an abomination! It's an insult to my masculinity!"

"Otto," Laura's voice was deadly calm, "Wear the kilt."

"Or what?"

"Or," she said, the threat in her voice so obvious even Otto could

hear it, "We'll make you play the bagpipes."

Otto's eyes widened and as a last resort he pulled out his toy light saber and swung it blindly at the girls. Needless to say, it had absolutely no effect besides to remove his manliness even further. Shelby sighed, took the light saber, and hit him over the head with it. And that is how Otto ended up just like Wing had, in the kilt with a mixed up mind and an egg sized lump on his head to boot.

When Wing regained consciousness, the world tipped. He closed his eyes and groaned, feeling like he was somehow going to fall up to the ceiling. Something distantly told him that that was somehow wrong, but he decided just to ignore it. When he opened his eyes, everything seemed to be painted in psychedelic colors. One eye seemed higher than the other, and he puzzled over that for a good ten minutes before figuring out that he was lying on his side. He sat up carefully. Words popped into his head suddenly, along with a tune. He felt the urge to belt them out. So he did.

** So I put my hands up**

** They're playing my song**

** The butterflies fly away**

** Nodding my head like yeah**

** Moving my hips like yeah**

** I put my hands up**

** They're playing my song**

** You know it's gonna be okay**

** Yeah, it's a party in the U.S.A!**

Laura poked her head around the door to see if her ears were correct, if Wing was really singing Party in the U.S.A. What she saw shocked her.

Not only was Wing singing Party in the U.S.A., he was dancing too. She quickly drew back from the door too check on Shelby and Otto.

The expression Shelby was wearing-shock, amazement, glee-told Laura that an extremely similar situation had occurred with Otto.

"What happened?"

"Only the best thing ever!" Shelby exclaimed. "I walk in and Otto is singing Bluebird *(A/N- great song by Sara Barielles. Look it up)** at the top of his lungs and doing this hilarious little floaty ballet type thing. It was great! You?"

"Wing was belting out Party in the U.S.A. I have no idea where he learned that. He doesn't strike me as a Hannah Montana person."

"With Wing you never know." Shelby grinned. "You think they'll do

some Irish dancing now?"

Villainous Histories class that day set a record for most laughing in any one class period.

Laura and Shelby decided to let Otto and Wing dance by themselves so that they could watch. By the end of it, they were extremely glad they did. The boys flounced up to the front of the class in the middle of Franz and Nigel's report and started dancing. Otto had his kilt on backwards, and Wing had completed his outfit with a baseball cap on which he'd spray-painted the words `_**Party in the U.S.A.**_`. That had people laughing before the fun even began.

After a hilarious little dancing ditty they crept up on the teacher and knocked him out, and both boys flopped on their backs and started stargazing indoors. Otto pointed up at the sky and asked "Did you know the bib dippet always points east?"

Wing shook his head, "What one is your favorite? Mine is O'Brian's belt."

Otto thought a moment, "I like the old lady with the garbage can on her head."

By this point, the entire class was in fits and many were rolling on the floor laughing. Laura and Shelby had stitches in their sides and Shelby had tears running down her face.

Wing eventually started spouting weird nonsense that may or may not have been an attempt at speech. "Is your tongue tied or something?" Wing nodded. "Say ahhhh."

Otto looked in and saw Wing's problem. "I know why you're tongue tied! You have a tongue tie!"

Wing just looked blank. Otto sighed. "I mean that you wrapped string around your tongue. Grab it and pull it out."

Wing did and it came out soaked and trailing spit. There was a collective eewwww from the class. "Where should I put it?" Otto shrugged. Wing looked around before deciding to put it on the teacher's desk. It sat there for the rest of class pooling dribble, where it would stay until someone revived him and he found the little pile of yuckiness.

Otto's eyes suddenly lit up. "Remember my Jell-O trap?" Wing's eyes widened with delight as he realized what Otto was planning.

"Yesâ€|"

"Let's go set it off!"

They both ran from the room with maniacal giggles, and returned several minutes later covered in blue Jell-O. "You said it was strawberry!" Wing accused.

"It is, isn't it? Strawberries are the little blue bumpy ones right?"

****A/N-** Catch that Pickle Chapter 3! Hooray! Well, at least I'm happy. Otto and Wing don't like what I made them do in the last chapter. Here's what I say to that- TOO BAD! You get a good chapter this time. In this chapter I'm going to destroy Nero's reputation ****_**and**_**** his chances of ever NOT eating sparkles and unicorn stickers for breakfast. Puzzle that one out. ***maniacal little giggle****

****I** am extremely thankful to all reviewers butâ€¦**!********

****My** friend Maggie is currently in the lead for the points competition. She has a huge advantage, being my friend and all (not to mention I practically forced the answer to the Jell-O question out of her- the 15****th**** clue I gave her was me shouting ****_**blue blank berry**_**** in her face and she still needed more prompting), but she is the only one even taking a guess at the questions! Please, when you review just take a wild guess! You could get lucky and get it right! Please, just try! She is already choosing what her character will be like! Create a chance for yourself! Just guess!******

****Sorry,** I needed to vent. Anyway, here it is.******

****Disclaimer:** I do not own H.I.V.E.******

Nero had a pathological fear of pickles.

Yup.

Pickles.

As well as UFOs, unicorns, light sabers, sparkles, spiders, and Barbie dolls.

Basically anything his big sister liked.

Which was a lot of things.

To add to the previous list, he was afraid of ponies, fairies, faeries, fiction books, limes, lemonade, Jell-O, raspberries, motorcycles, pots, pans, spaghetti, VHS, Harry Potter, salad, the color pink, legos, clashing colors, and countless other things.

He liked what his sister hated, meaning Brussels sprouts, spinach, broccoli, black, white, rain, swords, villainy, opera music, similar colors, nonfiction, hot dogs, Spanish, mathematics, Ireland, Brazil, the Philippines, snow etc.

Then there were things that he liked for his own reasons. Like katanas, for example. But that's irrelevant. Maybe. Okay, not really, but I don't want to list anything else.

This is about the day that Nero faced his worst nightmare.

He was sitting in his office playing with the little bird on his desk. It wasn't a real bird, it was just plastic, and all day it went up and down. Up and down, up and down, up and down, no stop and no difference. Just the constant, boring, listless up and down motion. Nero knew he should get sick of the repetition, the annoying little rhythm, but it was mesmerizing. Slowly the colorful birdie's motions went into sync with the ticking of the clock on the wall. Tick tock,

up down, tick tock, up down, _tick tock, up down._

Nero's eyelids drooped as he fell into the world of his dreams.

The world is dark.

It is night and Maximilian Nero is standing in the center of his office

The lights turn on.

Max walks out the door and is confronted by Raven.

_**What are you doing? **__She says._

Max doesn't answer

**Max, where are you going?**

He brushes past her and she turns into a pickle.

Max yells.

He runs.

He screams like a little girl.

He winds up somehow in H.I.V.'s center where he finds the AI conversing with Otto Malpense.

They morph into pickles.

He runs and screams again.

He runs to the gym where it is pitch black and slams the door behind him.

One by one the lights turn on.

Laura Brand, Wing Franchu, and Shelby Trinity are standing there.

_As one they ask, __**Do you like pickles Max?**_

_**N-n-no**__ he answers, voice trembling._

_They all morph into pickles. _

_He runs and screams yet again. _

He is getting fed up with running and screaming.

He stops in the cafeteria.

A dozen UFOs appear near the ceiling and start flashing their lights.

Max curls up into a tight little ball and whimpers. He peeks out through his fingers and is paralyzed by what he sees.

There is an army of walking giant pickles walking slowly toward him.

He scurries underneath a lunch table and cowers in fear.

The situation grows ever worse as, in the hands of the pickles there appear light sabers and Barbie dolls.

Miniature unicorns and spiders emerge in a black and white seething mass from the pickles' feet.

Sparkles drift down like snow from the ceiling.

Max screams one last time in pure terror and covers his eyes as the first pickle reaches the tableâ€|

And then Nero woke up.

Nero woke up with his head on his desk, a cramp in his neck, and a very un-manly scream issuing from his mouth.

Raven burst in the door looking wild with her katanas in her hands and over her head. Seeing that her employer was in no immediate danger, she sheathed the weapons and, still slightly breathless, asked, "What was that all about?"

Nero looked extremely embarrassed. "I, wellâ€|.. I had a bad dreamâ€| "

Raven looked so annoyed that Nero thought of the expression _if looks could killâ€|_ If looks could kill, I would be sitting as a dried up shell right now.

"You got me out of bed at three in the morning because of a _bad dream_?"

"Actually a fully fledged nightmareâ€| "

"I don't care!"

Nero sighed. "Go back to sleep Raven. You need it."

Raven turned and stormed off with a huff.

When she was gone, Nero stood. He didn't want to go back to sleep for fear that he have another nightmare. If he gave another false alarm, he would really be toast. He left his office and started to the gym area. If he continued down this hallway and made the right turns it would make a full circuit of H.I.V.E.

He made it 1/3 of the way around the school before disaster.

He had just reached a relatively open area of hallway when there was a bang.

****BANG!****

Nero was confronted with one of his worst fears as Otto's cannons that he had rigged to shoot sparkles and unicorn stickers exploded and covered him in the shiny stuff. He ran, too frightened to even

scream, out of the masses of glitter and horned animal stickers.

Just as he was out of the mess, the pickle materialized. It swooped down at the paralyzed headmaster, knocked him right back into the shimmering heap, and vanished with a deep chuckle. Now Nero was sobbing in terror and in the process, choking on sparkling fluff-stuff. He thought to himself _this just couldn't get any worse._

What happened next was just the universe being a bully and loving to prove him wrong. Even if he made it too easy.

The Jell-O cannons went off, coating the poor man in gelatinous goop and completely ruining his day before it even really began. He sat there for the next 5 hours immobilized by fear until a student found him and reported to Raven. She in turn organized a team to scrape away the Jell-O, which by then had hardened into a rock hard shell.

When he was finally free to walk again, he got up and stumbled back to his office mumbling about pickles and unicorns. When he got there, he sat down and started to once more stare at the motions of the little plastic bird.

A/N- That was fun. Very fun. Probably more fun than it should have been, but it is just so wonderful to be able to make the characters of your favorite books do whatever you want them to. *sigh_*** so wonderfulâ€¦|**_

Anyway. I had a few tributes in this chapter too. The standings for points for each one is-

120 points to tell where I got the bird on the desk from

300 (I know, jackpot) points for the reference to the words of the immortal Sokka from Avatar the Last Airbender. 300 because it is more implied than exact.

Hope that you liked this chapter! Review!

4. Chapter 4:The Laugh of the Maniac

A/N- here it is. The long awaited 4**th**** chapter written by the one, the only, J.K. Rowling!**

** No, the famous author did not actually write this. I did. There is a huge difference, being that I am SO MUCH BETTER! Besides, the great J.K Rowling would never stoop so low as to use characters from someone else's booksâ€¦| or would she?**

** Never mind. The workings of the mind of the world's best known author are not the primary concern right now. What is, is the fact that Nero HATED the last chapter! In fact, if we don't do something quick, he and Raven will lead a protest against me! I don't want to die! So, this chapter will make a fool out of the only characters not humiliated yet- Shelby and Laura. No, not Nigel and Franz, they humiliated themselves enough in the books. *evil laugh* Brand and Trinity are in for it!**

****Hurry up with this one last question. The next chapter is the final one where the winner is announced. Maggie is still on top and she only answered one question. Google this one or something. Just ANSWER!****

****I do not own H.I.V.E. After all it is called FANfiction, right?

****Enjoy!****

Laura's day started bad and grew steadily worse. First she woke up late and missed breakfast. Then she was assigned to dig Nero out from a pile of rock-hard Jell-O and was stuck on that for more than an hour. She didn't even know how the Jell-O had hardened. Wasn't the stuff supposed to dissolve? Maybe Otto had put some stuff in it. No, then it would have hardened on him and Wing. ****(See catch that pickle chapter 2).** ****Maybe there was something in the glitter and unicorn stickers that it had reacted with. That must be it.** Finally by the time the headmaster was free, it was time for Physical Education. Not fun at all. Not to mention she was doing it on an empty stomach.

This was the worst class of the day and was made torturous by the fact that they had a surprise obstacle course designed for 4th years. Colonel Francisco had decided to pick on the 2nd year alphas and took great pleasure in the fearful expressions on their faces as they walked in.

The course consisted of swinging metal balls, advanced grappler courses, a rock wall at least 80 feet high, an intense simulated fight, several real ones, and you had to fight past Colonel Francisco to get the equipment you needed. Once he beat you, all you had was what you managed to secure onto yourself. Shelby and Wing's kind of course. Laura's worst nightmare.

Naturally Shelby went first and barely made it through without serious injury. When she finished, breathing hard and sweating, the rest of the class was silent. Then Franz spoke up. "I am not being going on that thing. No one else is either, _ja?"_

The entire class let out a collective "_Ja."_

Francisco smiled triumphantly. "I knew you had it in ya!"

The whole class looked confused.

The colonel sighed. "You gotta have some gumption. Meaning, stand up for yourself. You all just did that. This was to test if you would. You did, which is good." The class looked relieved until, "Unfortunately, that is still disobeying a teacher. You all still have to run the course."

_This day _Laura thought _couldn't get much worse._

The second year alphas were late to lunch and didn't have much appetite anyway. Laura felt sick. She'd been punched in the gut more times than she could count and was starving. However, when she smelled the food, she wanted to barf. Swaying slightly, she sat down with a thud next to Otto, Wing and Shelby. Shelby had piled her plate

so high you could barely see her head over the heaps of food.

Otto took one look at her plate and gagged. "Yuck! Shelby, are you sure you want to eat pizza with mashed potatoes, gravy, pancakes and syrup? All at once? In the same bite?"

"Mmmhmmphhh!"

Laura looked away, feeling queasy. Wing just sat and stared.

Shelby paused with gravy dripping down her chin. "Wha?"

Quickly Laura grabbed her friend's platter and held it out of reach. "Shel! For goodness sake! Eat like a human being!" Shelby stared like an animal at the food. In a lightning fast motion, she reached up and plucked it neatly out of Laura's grasp. Wing grabbed the back of her shirt and tried to drag her back down into her seat, causing her to lose her balance. The plate went flyingâ€|

Up,

Up,

Arcing,

Falling,

SPLAT!

Laura received a face-full of foods that should never be mixed together. Shelby laughed madly, sounding almost as crazy as the pickle. Laura wanted to screech, but that meant opening her mouth. And that meant getting this...thisâ€|crud, crap, grossness, abominable _stuff_ down her throat. That was the absolute last thing she wanted. Aside from maybe getting it in her eyes.

Wordlessly Otto rose from his seat and took her gently by the arm. They exited the lunch room with the albino leading her between the tables. Wing watched Otto guide her from the room, then turned away. Right now, he had other concerns. Meaning the clinically insane American girl sitting next to him.

Shelby was still laughing, staring at the spot Laura had occupied moments ago. Tentatively Wing waved a hand in front of her face. There was no reaction. Wing briefly thought how proud the crazy laugh Shelby had right now would make Nero. Very, that was for sure.

He tried everything short of an electrical shock, meaning- slapping (with hands, a slice of pizza, her own shoe, a grappler, and a plate), pinching, mashed potatoes down the throat (with and without gravy), shoving (with hands, feet, pancakes, shoes, and a chair), shoveling, water in the face (colored clear, blue, pink, a shade of purple Wing hadn't even known existed, and a murky brown that was the result of water and gravy being mixed), gravy (on the head, up the nose, and in the ears), threats (ranging from more slapping to being turned in to Francisco), and poking (with a stick, a breadstick, a chicken breast, French toast, his finger, a lunch lady's hat, and a photo of Francisco).

Needless to say, Wing was getting desperate.

He carefully stacked five chairs and climbed to the top carrying a full chicken. He had long ago stuffed his ears with meatballs to drown out the laughter, but he could still dimly hear it. It was absolutely no different than half an hour ago when she had started. It was bizarre that her voice wasn't even hoarse yet.

In one final, desperate act, Wing dropped the chicken on Shelby's head. It connected with a thud and she was knocked out cold.

The laughing finally stopped.

Wing breathed a sigh of relief and pulled the meatball-earplugs out of his ears. He climbed down to the applause of the rest of the students, who were pulling their own makeshift earplugs out. Wing saw lumps of chicken, pizza, even clumps of spaghetti coming from their ears. It just went to show how bad the laughing had gotten.

Wing grabbed Shelby by the back collar of her jumpsuit and dragged her to the nurse's office. He dropped her like a sack of potatoes on one of the beds.

The nurse didn't bat an eyelid.

Wing turned to see Laura on another bed nursing a black eye and several other bruises. She looked appalled. "What are you _doing?_"

"What does it look like?"

"You can't put her in here! What if she throws something else at my face when she comes around?"

"Oh, she should be perfectly sane when she wakes up," the nurse said 'helpfully'.

Shelby's eyes snapped open. She sat up, saw Laura, grabbed a box of tissues, and threw it in her face. Laura barely had time to duck.

Quickly, Wing grabbed the nearest heavy object- that being another box of tissues -and hit her over the head with it. It had no effect whatsoever, and Shelby started once more to laugh.

Then the pickle appeared.

It swooped down and hit Shelby in the head, knocking her out instantly. The pickle let out a high pitched, very feminine giggle and vanished in a puff of smoke.

Laura, Wing and the nurse called out, "Thank you pickle!"

They left Shelby unconscious and returned to class. That night, when vast amounts of pizza, mashed potatoes, gravy, pancakes and syrup went missing from the kitchen without a trace, no one thought much of it. They only knew that the next day Shelby was once more sane, and all she could remember was being extremely hungry.

****A/N-** Yay! That was one of the harder chapters to write. Otto's

pranks had all been used previously, and I was running a bit dry on ideas for ridiculousness. Personally I think it turned out well for having been written in the middle of a writers block. I just wish I had more ideas than ripping off wipeout for the obstacle course. Oh well, beggars can't be choosers. My favorite part to write was the many, many ways Wing attempted to bring Shelby back to the world of the not-crazy. For that I give myself a hearty "Yay me!"**

So as for the points in this chapter, there is only one and it is extremely difficult. So-

500 points to tell me where the pile of food reference came from! (Hint- Basil)

**Au Revoir! **

End
file.